

## JAG AND CAB ENDED NIGHT AT THEATRE

Dignified Man with Gray Hair  
Stayed Out Too Long  
Between Acts.

FAT FRIEND AIDED JOE.

Wife and Daughter Were With  
Him and Saw Culprit  
Forwarded Home.

He was respectable, he was dignified, his hair was iron gray, and when he bought three seats at Wallace's Theatre last night, the treasurer stage-whispered to the doorman: "This is the kind of parties we like to see patronize this house." The other two seats he bought were for his wife and grown-up daughter.

After the first act he went out. He didn't come back until the middle of the third and then the doorman would not let him in.

The iron-gray one whooped that he was Hungry Bear, the war chief of the Apaches, and that—

But the doorman just superadded that gentlemen in his condition couldn't get inside at any price and called Policeman Bennett, who asked the theatre patron to go home. The truculent one said he would as soon as the City Hall, which was his home, was torn down and a suitable City Hall erected in its place.

In addition he said that his wife and daughter—two noblest women ever lived—were inside and that he wouldn't go home till they were produced.

Every available usher was despatched to the aisles and finally two pipe-looking women were discovered in juxtaposition to a vacant seat. The usher who found them intimated that they might see something of interest to them in the lobby.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

## BOOM MAKES \$175,000 BEQUEST \$1,000,000.

Clause in Pennsylvania, Man's Will  
Makes the Money Secure  
for Charities.

PITTSBURG, April 24.—Dying in the belief that he had bequeathed about \$1,000,000 to charity, John Porterfield, the Allegheny banker, really left about \$1,000,000 for post-mortem purposes. How much more than \$1,000,000 will not be known until the estate is finally settled.

When Mr. Porterfield made his will, in 1904, he estimated his estate at \$1,000,000. After his death, a few months ago, his executor discovered that a boom in stocks, bonds and real estate had increased the value of the estate to at least \$1,000,000.

When Mr. Porterfield died he had no near relatives other than his sister-in-law, who was provided for by leaving \$150,000 in trust. He provided that if his estate did not reach \$1,000,000, the charities were to be reduced in like proportion as the estate fell off, and if it was more than \$1,000,000, the charities were to receive the benefit. Hardly had the will been drawn until his estate increased by leaps and bounds, until at his death the executor finds it will amount to considerably over \$1,000,000.

OLDEST OLD FELLOW DEAD.  
LANCASTER, Pa., April 24.—Charles Mellinger, ninety-two years old, of Reading, died last night while visiting Columbia. He was the oldest Old Fellow in the United States, joining the order sixty-five years ago.

## MICHAELS BROS.

5th Ave & 9th St.  
BROOKLYN.

Credit to All.  
CLOTHING

For the Entire Family.  
\$1 Down 50c Week  
On a Purchase of \$10.

FURNITURE  
and Everything for Housekeeping.

Open Mon. & Sat. Evgs.

Get Everything in Marshen's  
ETARINE  
MOTH BAGS

Moths, Moth Shoots, Rug Wrappers

No Extra Charge for It.

Advertisements for The Evening World may be left at any American District Messenger Office on the city until 9 P. M.

## ON MANILA BLEACHERS.



Baseball for the Philippines!  
What umpire wants a job?  
They'll hit him with a bolo when  
The local team he'd "rob."

## WOMAN NEARLY 100 DEAD.

Mrs. Catherine Decker, the oldest woman on Staten Island, died yesterday. She was ninety-nine years, and five months old. Up to a couple of weeks ago she was strong and vigorous. Her chances of reaching the century mark seemed bright, but two weeks ago she began to fail. She was born in a cottage almost on the spot where the house in which she died stands, on Richmond Terrace, between Mariner's Harbor and Howland Hook.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

## BOOM MAKES \$175,000 BEQUEST \$1,000,000.

Clause in Pennsylvania, Man's Will  
Makes the Money Secure  
for Charities.

PITTSBURG, April 24.—Dying in the belief that he had bequeathed about \$1,000,000 to charity, John Porterfield, the Allegheny banker, really left about \$1,000,000 for post-mortem purposes. How much more than \$1,000,000 will not be known until the estate is finally settled.

When Mr. Porterfield made his will, in 1904, he estimated his estate at \$1,000,000. After his death, a few months ago, his executor discovered that a boom in stocks, bonds and real estate had increased the value of the estate to at least \$1,000,000.

When Mr. Porterfield died he had no near relatives other than his sister-in-law, who was provided for by leaving \$150,000 in trust. He provided that if his estate did not reach \$1,000,000, the charities were to be reduced in like proportion as the estate fell off, and if it was more than \$1,000,000, the charities were to receive the benefit. Hardly had the will been drawn until his estate increased by leaps and bounds, until at his death the executor finds it will amount to considerably over \$1,000,000.

OLDEST OLD FELLOW DEAD.  
LANCASTER, Pa., April 24.—Charles Mellinger, ninety-two years old, of Reading, died last night while visiting Columbia. He was the oldest Old Fellow in the United States, joining the order sixty-five years ago.

## MICHAELS BROS.

5th Ave & 9th St.  
BROOKLYN.

Credit to All.  
CLOTHING

For the Entire Family.  
\$1 Down 50c Week  
On a Purchase of \$10.

FURNITURE  
and Everything for Housekeeping.

Open Mon. & Sat. Evgs.

Get Everything in Marshen's  
ETARINE  
MOTH BAGS

Moths, Moth Shoots, Rug Wrappers

No Extra Charge for It.

Advertisements for The Evening World may be left at any American District Messenger Office on the city until 9 P. M.

## GREAT BEAR HUNT IN JERSEY HILLS

Morris County Farmers, Armed  
to the Teeth, Chase a  
Devastating Brute.

FAT FRIEND AIDED JOE.

Wife and Daughter Were With  
Him and Saw Culprit  
Forwarded Home.

He was respectable, he was dignified, his hair was iron gray, and when he bought three seats at Wallace's Theatre last night, the treasurer stage-whispered to the doorman: "This is the kind of parties we like to see patronize this house." The other two seats he bought were for his wife and grown-up daughter.

After the first act he went out. He didn't come back until the middle of the third and then the doorman would not let him in.

The iron-gray one whooped that he was Hungry Bear, the war chief of the Apaches, and that—

But the doorman just superadded that gentlemen in his condition couldn't get inside at any price and called Policeman Bennett, who asked the theatre patron to go home. The truculent one said he would as soon as the City Hall, which was his home, was torn down and a suitable City Hall erected in its place.

In addition he said that his wife and daughter—two noblest women ever lived—were inside and that he wouldn't go home till they were produced.

Every available usher was despatched to the aisles and finally two pipe-looking women were discovered in juxtaposition to a vacant seat. The usher who found them intimated that they might see something of interest to them in the lobby.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Under his direction the half dozen bundled Joe back into the cab. With infinite difficulty Joe's fat friend lumbered in on top of Joe, sat tight and that was all.

The fat man wrote on a card where the cab was to be driven.

When they got out there the elder one said:

"Why, father, you're intoxicated."

"Cousin, I am," whooped father.

"Can't you get him home?" the lady wanted to know.

"Well, try," said the doorman and Bennett.

So they tried. They collected a half-dozen volunteers in evening dress who engaged to put Hungry Bear aboard a cab.

The half-dozen got him in, but he would not stay there and fifty feet from the theatre door jumped out. A passing cab ran over him, and he did not mind that and came leaping back full of fight.

Just then his friend, the fat man, appeared ex-machina. He weighed 400 pounds, and said that the Hungry Bear was his friend and that his name was really "Joe."

Hank raises honey. At the first view he got of the bear it was scooping the honey from a hive it had overturned. Hank enabled his gun, approached within fifty feet of the brute and fired two barrels of bird shot. His aim was bad and the bear's hide is thick, so only groined, then kept on upsetting hives and eating honey until it had emptied twelve. Then astounded and stouter than a boy who has been at the jam pot it struck out to the north across the mountains.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

The two plate-glass windows in the store of the Kaufman Hat Company, at 111 Market street, Newark, were blown out by high wind to-day.

The glass was scattered over the pavement and several women who were passing at the time barely escaped injury. The windows were filled with hats, which were blown several blocks away. The loss will amount to \$500.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school at Jacksonville Cross-roads met the bear at a sharp turn of the road on Friday last. As if to prove it had not forgotten its training the bear got on its hind legs and began to dance. The children did not wait for the performance, almost literally they flew over the fence, shrieking, dropping books and lunchboxes. So the bear breakfasted well that day. Several persons saw the bear at a distance on Sunday. It stayed in its mountain hiding place Monday, and yesterday morning it went foraging to Thomas Doremus's farm, near Taylorstown, and found young pig.

In a pen were a finished Roland China pig-mother and her twelve piglets. Hearing a vociferous squealing, Doremus ran from his breakfast and saw the bear jump into the pen and grab a suckling pig. But the robber did not escape as easily as it had expected. The mother pig attacked it, and only when a terrific yell killed the poor mother. Then the bear, in two tenacity, killed six more piglets and taking one in its mouth, departed.

Doremus, probably the maddest man in Jersey, summoned his neighbors and they went into the mountains. But up to dusk last evening they had not run across the destructive critic.

Children Frightened.

A dozen or more little girls and boys going to school